

The History of

Prince V Well, here is my leg.

Fal. And here is my speech, stand aside Nobilitie!

Ho. O Iesu, this is excellent sport, yfaith.

Fal. V Veepe not sweet Queene, for trickling teres are vain.

Ho. O the father, how how he holds his countenance?

Fal. For Gods sake Lords, conuey my trustfull Queene.
For teares do stop the flood-gates of her eyes.

Ho. O Iesu, he doth it as like one of these harlotry players,
as euer I see.

Fal. Peace, good pint-pot, peace, good tickle braine.
Harry, I do not onely maruell where thou spendest thy time;
but also, how thou art accompanied. For though the camomil
the more it is trode on, the faster it grows: yet youth, the more
it is wasted, the sooner it weares: thou art my son, I haue partly
thy mothers word, partly my opinion, but chiefly, a villanous
trick of thine eye, and a foolish hanging of the neather lip, that
doth warrant me. If then thou bee sonne to mee, here lieth the
point: why, being sonne to me, art thou so pointed at? Shall the
blessed sonne of heauen proue a micher, and eate blacke-ber-
ries? a question not to be askt. Shall the son of England proue
a thiefe, & take purses? a question to be askt. There is a thing,
Harry, which thou hast often heard of, and it is known to ma-
ny in our land, by the name of pitch. This pitch (as ancient wri-
ters do report) doth defile: so doth the company thou keepst;
for *Harry,* now I do not speake to thee in drinke, but in teares;
not in pleasure, but in passion; not in words onely, but in woes
also: & yet there is a vertuous man, whom I haue often noted
in thy company, but I know not his name.

Prin. V What manner of man, and it like your Maiestie?

Fal. A goodly portly man yfaith, and a corpulent, of a cheer-
full look, a pleasing eie and a most noble carriage, & as I think,
his age some fifty, or birlady, inclining to threelcore, and now
I remeber me, his name is Falstaffe: if that man should be lewd-
ly giuen, he deceiues me. For *Harry,* I see vertue in his looks:
if then the tree may bee knowne by the fruit, as the fruit by the
tree; then peremptorily I speake it, there is vertue in that Fal-
staffe, him keepe with, the rest banish: and tell me now, thou
naughtie varlet, tell me, where hast thou bin this month?

Prince,

Henry the fourth.

Prin. Dost thou speake like a king? do thou stand
and Ile play my father.

Fal. Depose me; if thou dost it halfe so grauely, so-
cally both in word and matter, hang mee vp by the h
a rabbit sucker or a Poulters Hare.

Prin. Well, heere I am set.

Fal. And here I stand, iudge my masters.

Prince Now, *Harry,* whence come you?

Fal. My noble Lord, from Eastcheape.

Prince The complaints I heare of thee, are grievous.

Fal. Zbloud my Lord, they are false: nay: Ile tickle
yong *Prince* yfaith.

Prin. Swarest thou, vngracious boy? henceforth
on me, thou art violently carried away from grace, thou
uell haunts thee, in the likenesse of an old fat mā, a tu-
is thy companion: why dost thou conuerse with that
humors, that boulding hutch of beastlinesse, that swol-
of dropies, that huge bombard of sacke, that stuff clo-
guts, that roasted Manningtree Oxe with the pudd-
belly, that reuerent vice, that gray iniquity, that father
that vanity in yeeres, wherein is he good? but to taste
drinke it? wherein neat & cleanly, but to carue a capon
wherein cunning, but in craft? wherein crafty, but in
wherein villanous, but in all things? wherein worth
nothing?

Fal. I would your grace would take me with you
meanes your grace?

Prince That villanous abominable misleader of y
stafte, that old white bearded Sathan.

Fal. My Lord, the man I know. *Pri.* I know th

Fal. But to say, I know more harme in him then in
were to say more then I know: that he is old, the mor-
tie, his white haies do witnesse it: but that he is, sau-
uerence, a whoremaster, that I vtterly deny: if sacke and
a fault, God helpe the wicked: if to be old and merry
thē many an old host that I know, is dam'd: if to be fat,
hated, thē Pharaos lean kine ar to be loued. No, my g
banish Peto, banish Bardol, banish Poincs, but for swe

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